

Causeles, withouten enchesoun.
Go we to Daunger hastily,
And late us shewe him openly,
That he hath not aright ywrought,
Whan that he sette nought his thought
To kepe better the purpryse;
In his doing he is not wyse.
He hath to us ydo gret wrong,
That hath suffred now so long
Bialacoil to have his wille,
Alle his lustes to fulfille.
He must amende it utterly,
Or ellis shal he vilaynly
Exyled be out of this londe;
for he the werre may not withstonde
Of Jalousye, nor the greef,
Sith Bialacoil is at mischeef.

WO Daunger, Shame and Drede anon
The righte wey ben bothe agoon.
The chert they founden hem aforn
Ligging undir an hawethorn.
Andir his heed no pilowe was,
But in the stede a trusse of gras.
He slombred, and a nappe he took,
Til Shame pitously him shook,
And greet manace on him gan make.
Why slepest thou whan thou shulde wake?
Quod Shame; thou dost us vilanye!
Who tristith thee, he doth folye,
To kepe roses or botouns,
Whan they ben faire in hir sesouns.
Thou art woxe to familiere
Where thou shuldest be straunge of chere,
Stout of thy port, redy to greve.
Thou dost gret foly for to leve
Bialacoil hereyn, to calle
The yonder man to shenden us alle.
Though that thou slepe, we may here
Of Jalousie gret noyse here.
Art thou now late? ryse up in hy,
And stoppe some and deliverly
Alle the gappis of the hay;
Do no favour, I thee pray.
It fallith nothing to thy name
Make fair semblaunt, where thou maist blame.
If Bialacoil be swete and free,
Dogged and fel thou shuldest be;
froward and outrageous, ywis;
A chert chaungeth that curteis is.
This have I herd ofte in seying,
That man ne may, for no daunting,
Make a sperhauke of a bosarde.
Alle men wole holde thee for musarde,
That debonair have founden thee;
It sit thee nought curteis to be;
To do men plesaunce or servyse,
In thee it is recreaundyse.
Let thy werkis, fer and nere,
Be lyke thy name, which is Daungere.
HAN, al abawid in shewing,
Anoon spak Drede, right thus seying,
And seide: Daunger, I drede me
That thou ne wolt not bisy be

To kepe that thou hast to kepe;
Whan thou shuldest wake, thou art aslepe.
Thou shalt be greved certeynly
If thee aspye Jalousy,
Or if he finde thee in blame.
He hath today assailed Shame,
And chased away, with gret manace,
Bialacoil out of this place,
And swereth shortly that he shal
Enclose him in a sturdy wal;
And al is for thy wikkednesse,
for that thee faileth straungenesse.
Thyn herte, I trowe, be failed al;
Thou shalt repente in special,
If Jalousye the sothe knewe;
Thou shalt forthenke, and sore rewte.

WITTH that the chert his clubbe gan shake,
frowning his eyen gan to make,
And hidous chere; as man in rage,
for ire he brente in his visage.
Whan that he herde him blamed so,
He seide: Out of my wit I go;
To be discomfit I have gret wrong.
Certis, I have now lived to long,
Sith I may not this closer kepe;
At quik I wolde be dolven depe,
If any man shal more repeire
Into this garden, for foule or faire.
Myn herte for ire goth afere,
That I lete any entre here.
I have do foly, now I see,
But now it shal amended bee.
Who settith foot here any more,
Truly, he shal repente it sore;
for no man mo into this place
Of me to entre shal have grace.
Lever I hadde, with swerdis tweyne
Thurghout myn herte, in every veyne
Perced to be, with many a wounde,
Than slouthe shulde in me be founde,
from hennesforth, by night or day,
I shal defende it, if I may,
Withouten any excepcioun
Of ech maner condicioun;
And if I any man it graunte,
Holdeth me for recreaunte.
Than Daunger on his feet gan stonde,
And hente a burdoun in his honde.
Wroth in his ire, ne lefte he nought,
But thurgh the verger he hath sought.
If he might finde hole or trace,
Wherthurgh that men mot forthby pace,
Or any gappe, he dide it close,
That no man mighte touche a rose
Of the roser al aboute;
He shitteth every man withoute.
Thus day by day Daunger is wers,
More wondirful and more divers,
And feller eek than ever he was;
for him ful oft I singe Allas!
for I ne may nought, thurgh his ire,
Recover that I most desire.
Myn herte, allas, wol brest atwo,

for Bialacoil I wratthed so.
for certeynly, in every membre
I quake, whan I me remembre
Of the botoun, which that I wolde
fulle ofte a day seen and biholde.
And whan I thenke upon the kisse,
And how muche joye and blisse
I hadde thurgh the savour swete,
for wante of it I grone and grete.
Ne thenkith I fele yit in my nose
The swete savour of the rose.
And now I woot that I mot go
So fer the fresshe floures fro,
To me ful welcome were the deeth;
for whylom with this rose, allas,
Absens therof, allas, me sleeth!
I touched nose, mouth, and face;
But now the deeth I must abyde.
But Love consente, another tyde,
That onis I touche may and kisse,
I knowe my peyne shal never lisse.
Theron is al my covetyse,
Which brent myn herte in many wyse.
I shal repaire agayn sighinge,
Long wache on nightis, and no slepinge;
Thought in wissching, torment, and wo,
With many a turning to and fro,
That half my peyne I can not telle.
for I am fallen into helle
from paradys and welthe, the more
My turment greveth; more and more
Anoyeth now the bittemesse,
That I toform have felt swetnesse.
And Wikkid Cunge, thurgh his falshede,
Causeth al my wo and drede.
On me he leyeth a pitous charge,
Bicause his tunge was to large.

WITTH it is tyme, shortly that I
Telle you somthing of
Jalousy,
That was in gret suspec-
cion.
Aboute him lefte he no
masoun,
That stoon coude leye, ne
querrou; he hired hem to make a tour.
And first, the roses for to kepe,
Aboute hem made he a dicke depe,
Right wondir large, and also brood;
Upon the whiche also stood
Of squared stoon a sturdy wal,
Which on a cragge was founded al,
And right gret thikkenesse eek it bar.
Abouten, it was founded squar.
An hundred fadome on every syde,
It was al liche longe and wyde.
Lest any tyme it were assayled,
ful wel aboute it was batayled;
And rounde enviroun eek were set
ful many a riche and fair touret.
At every corner of this wal
Was set a tour ful principal;

And everich hadde, withoute fable,
A porte/colys defensable
To kepe of enemies, and to greve,
That there hir force wolde preve.

AND eek amidde this purpryse
Was maad a tour of gret maistryse;
A fairer saugh no man with sight,
Large and wyde, and of gret might.
They ne dredde noon assaut
Of ginne, gunne, nor skaffaut.
for the temprure of the mortere
Was maad of licour wonder dere;
Of quikke lyme persant and egre,
The which was tempred with vinegre.
The stoon was hard as ademan,
Wherof they made the foundement.
The tour was rounde, maad in compas;
In al this world no richer was,
Ne better ordeigned therwithal.
BOATE the tour was maad a wal,
So that, bitwixt that and the tour,
Roses were set of swete savour,
With many roses that they bere.

AND eek within the castel were
Springoldes, gunnes, bows, archers;
And eek above, atte corners,
Men seyn over the walle stonde
Grete engynes, whiche were nigh honde;
And in the kernels, here and there,
Of arblasters gret plentee were.
Noon armure might hir stroke withstonde,
It were foly to prece to honde.
Without the dicke were listes made,
With walles batayled large and brade,
for men and hors shulde not atteyne
To neigh the dicke over the pleyne.

HUS Jalousye hath enviroun
Set aboute his garnisoun
With walles rounde, and dicke depe,
Only the roser for to kepe.
And Daunger eek, erly and late
The keyes kepte of the utter gate,
The which openeth toward the cest.
And he hadde with him atte leest
Thritty servautes, echon by name.

HAT other gate kepte Shame,
Which openede, as it was couth,
Toward the parte of the south.
Sergeautes assigned were
hir to
ful many, hir wille for to do.
HAN Drede hadde in hir baillye
The keping of the conestabliere,
Toward the north, I undirstonde,
That opened upon the left honde,
The which for nothing may be sure,
But if she do hir bisy cure
Erly on morowe and also late,
Strongly to shette and barre the gate.
Of every thing that she may see
Drede is aferd, wherso she be;
for with a puff of litel winde
Drede is astonied in hir minde.

